May 17, 1967

Dear Gene:

Thank you for your very helpful letter of May 11th. I am so grateful for your long-time compassionate friendship and guidance. At the moment, I am extremely depressed and confused, but, as you urge, am depending upon the two doctors for support & advice. Dr. Sargent has kept me on sleeping pills for the past week and indefinitely, for I am unable to rest properly. For the first three days following the arrival of the forged cable and the phone calls from N.Y.C. I would have spells of trembling that forced me to stay in bed. I am better, but not always sure of myself when walking, one reason being that traffic is going just opposite here to what I am normally used to, & I react poorly.

Both doctors here, plus Jesse and Virgil, insist I need legal advice. Anna Brandt's brother is with the FBI & he also says I must turn that direction. Dr. Sargent has said from the start that Faubach & Swann were my enemies but I have fought against believing it. With Jim gone and Gene the boss, I doubt if I could stand the doubts & fears I would have, the constant feeling I was being watched & searched for just one proof of anything to insure my being fired. The tragedy, at least it seems so to me, is that due to Jim's poor health Gene has been the pole around which all information and decisions have been taken, both on Jim's side & the Boards' side. I feel sure there has been

no one to really question Irene's charges (?) or evidence and therefore the Deacons & Trustees are anxious to be rid of the controversy.

Whoever suggested and however the original plan was devised to have me sent over here must have known more than they revealed. I was never examined or questioned by any doctor, any minister, any official. I was told that "a gift of money ear-marked for one R.W. & him only" for me to have a sabbatical had come to the Church. Incidentally Irene mentioned that Jim wanted me to see a doctor of his choosing here. When I saw Dr. Donald Hoskins for the two physical examinations he was stunned to know I had had no medical assistance, & proceeded to place me on sedation at once. I came here not knowing where I could live or who I was to see. Jim eventually cabled that Dr. Sargant would take me as a patient, but after 3 fifteen minute appointments said there was nothing wrong with me but extreme exhaustion & depression & worry, and as far as he was concerned I could go home again. But when Irene learned of this he phoned Sargant & insisted I must remain & Sargant sought a 2nd opinion. Both doctors have spent the while trying to keep my mind free of sickness and my spirit enlivened as best they could. Someone has attempted to break my spirit and sicken my mind, but so far I have held on. However, the torsion has worked

and I now am struggling to discover some way to build a future. I will attempt to teach but will always worry about retaining a class from season to season, so I needs must find employment that will help give me some security until 65. I have no idea what Jim means by the Church being prepared to assist me, for every promise made so far has been broken except that my expenses are paid. Virgil insists there is a N.Y. law dealing with contracts that will help me, & Jesse seems to think I have reason to hope. The doctors here say it could not have happened in England & I must fight for myself, but I have so little knowledge and ability in any area but music. I have a negro pupil who works in the P.O. at night & I am even wondering if I could get a place there at night, anything to keep one going. At 58, and after 21 years at Riverside, I could not go into another church, and the effect upon my reputation will be so severe, I doubt if I can remain in any music except private teaching. You see how hopeless & helpless I seem to be! God has always blessed me with work, good positions, fine colleagues, and now that I must search elsewhere, I don't seem to know how to begin again. I would try for a Calif. college, but I haven't the necessary academic standing, I'm afraid, and can offer only 40 years of teaching & conducting experience, rather than degrees and fame.

Anyhow, it soon will be over and I will be home, perhaps by June 10, and the final arrangements made. I have prayed until I feel like a lost soul, for I don't know how to pray or what to pray for except the power to face each day, & to be made constantly aware of God's presence in & around me. I am sure the Creator does not make his creatures & then drop them, for they are a part of Him and have no purpose or existence apart from Him, so I hourly and even more often guide my mind in the direction of His great love for me in all the past & I know I will not be deserted now. We believe that "He spared not His own Son" so who am I to question His purpose for me at this moment? Whatever this evil is that surrounds me, God is also present and has supplied me with a host of friends who are devoting hours and hours to prayer for me & work for me, & surely these things have been a large part of my strength and hope for the seven months here. Just the time spent with you and Sunny alone gave me renewed power & your love has meant worlds to me in my darkest times. I believe, too, that Jim has prayed & steadily undergirded me where possible, and so all along the line there are people being used by God to bring me up and out of this experience. He will show me the "way" as I go.

Love to both,

Dick